

THE GATEWAY

Vol. VII., No. 3.

Edmonton, Alberta, Thursday, October 27, 1921.

Page 1



FRESHMEN PARADE LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.—By Courtesy of The Western Illustrated News, Edmonton.

DEBATING PLANS LAID WITH ZEAL

Dr. Alexander, Honorary-President of Debating Society Again at the Helm.

The Varsity Debating Society held its first meeting last Wednesday at which the officers for the coming year were elected. The program for the coming year was carefully considered. It was decided that the inter-varsity debates between Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta should be carried on.

The matter of the Students' Parliament was discussed to some length. The general opinion was that the Parliament should be started again this year but that it should kept of a more serious character so that those who are interested in the real art of parliamentary debate may be able to perfect themselves in it.

Dr. Alexander the Honorary President of the society, gave a very straightforward talk on the different forms that the society might take and the relative merits of each. He pointed out very clearly the mistakes which must be avoided if the society is to be a real success.

Judging by the large and enthusiastic nature of the meeting, the society has ahead of it one of its most successful years. The society is open to all and it extends the most cordial invitation to join its ranks, to anyone who wishes to perfect himself in the art of public speaking.

The officers for the coming year are:

President—Mr. A. Scroggie.
Vice-President—Miss Garrison.
Recording Secretary—Mr. W. B. Herbert.
Corresponding Secretary—Mr. G. J. Bryan.
Executive—Miss I. Steele.

VARSIITY DROPS AGAIN TO ESKS

Varsity Outclassed by Much Heavier Team and Faster Men, But Show the Usual Grit.

SCORE—41-0.

The Tackling of the Green and Gold a Credit to Any Team But Backfield Still Weak.

The last encounter between the Varsity and Eskimos was witnessed last Saturday afternoon on the University gridiron.

The game was a one-sided affair in score, but again the green and gold warriors put up a game fight to the last. They played real rugby but were greatly outclassed in weight and speed.

Although beaten by a bigger score than in the previous game, Varsity played better rugby. The line was greatly improved though it was far too light to oppose the battering tactics of the Eskimo plunges.

As always, Jack McAllister was an

(Continued on Page 8)

W. C. I. A. U. ELECTIONS

In a meeting Thursday evening, the following representatives were elected to office in the W.C.I.A.U.:
Honorary-President—Professor Halpenny, Sask.

President—Keith Muir, Alta.
Vice-President—C. Brock, Manitoba.

Secretary—F. H. Ferguson, Alta.
Committee—Dean Howes, Alberta;
Professor Howe, Manitoba; Professor Dyne, Saskatchewan; Mr. A. Broadfoot and J. Whittaker, Sask.; Mr. G. Spry and S. Field, Manitoba.

MORAL EDUCATION LECTURER'S THEME

Distinguished American Visitor Addresses First Meeting of Philosophical Society.

The first public meeting of the Philosophical Society on the evening of Wednesday, the nineteenth was very successful. The executive had been fortunate in securing as speaker, Professor Forbes, University of Rochester. His paper on "Systematic Moral Education" was greatly appreciated.

This problem, of perennial interest in educational circles, was ably handled by Professor Forbes, who, wishing to give to moral instruction a psychological basis, expressed himself as opposed to the traditional method of "inculcating" the moral mixture, a method which has no principal of progress, and which can arouse only contempt in the mind of the child's instinctive nature as the child. The instructor should, instead, proceed from the child's instructive nature, as a basis, and in accordance with the laws of development.

This necessitates a classification of the situations from which moral responses arise. These fall into three groups: First, when a person or group is dependent on another. Such a situation elicits the response of sympathetic feeling, of benevolence. Such virtues as helpfulness, pity and sympathy belong to this group. The second situation is that growing out of a conception of the essential worth and dignity of the personality. Each person is an end in himself. Justice is the preservation of the equation of personality. Here belong honesty, integrity, respect for law,

(Continued on Page 5)

'TOBA VARSITY WINS TRACK MEET

Excellent Conditions Usher in Alberta's Inter-Varsity Track Meet.

TWO RECORDS BROKEN

Neilson of U. of M. Outstanding Athlete of the Day—Visitors Given Royal Reception.

The University of Manitoba again won the Inter-Track Meet last Friday at the University of Alberta by amassing a score of 73 points. Alberta came second with 40, and Saskatchewan third with 22.

The track was in excellent condition, and although the weather was chilly it proved no detriment to keen

(Continued on Page 5)

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(Continued on Page 7)

GREETINGS FROM

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AT THE STADIUM

We saw athletes—runners, jumpers, javeline throwers and hammer tossers; high strung sprinters who started so fast that Jack had scarcely time to fire his pistol. There were men that vaulted so high that the officials had great difficulty in putting the cross-stick "up three more" each time. We saw long-winded men who could run a mile, yes, even three miles, standing beside our deep voiced announcer. His announcements, although properly impartial, had a hopeful and optimistic ring to them, which made us feel happy, no matter if one of our opponents had been the winner of the event.

Brock, a fine sportsman from Manitoba, besides being the best pole vaulter, was good sportsman enough to help teach the boys to count, to the apparent delight of many professors. Also by the neat manner that he handled the spade we infer that even in pole-vaulting one must begin at the bottom.

The professors made good as officials, and the events were run off smoothly. Some of them indulged in a shot-putting contest, and, according to our announcer, put the sixteen-pound shot at least ten feet farther than the winner of that event.

At the dance in the Gym, in the evening, given by the House Committee, a day's entertainment was brought to a close.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIT EXECUTIVE

At a recent meeting of the Lit. executive the following appointments were made:

Vice-President—Mr. J. D. Adam.
Representative of Senior Years—Miss Duolos.
Representative of Junior Years—Mr. John Cassels.
Lit. Representatives on Students' Council—Miss Villy, Mr. Adam.

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LOST—A set of notes for French A, also a Zoology text-book. Please return to Room 111, Assiniboine.

The following officers were elected:
 Honorary-President—Mrs. Howes.
 Vice-President—Miss Hazel Moore.
 Freshman Representative — Miss
 Muriel Northcote.
 Manager of the Hockey Club—Miss
 Dorothy Whiteman.
 Manager of the Basketball Club—
 Miss Susie McLennan.



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It might be added that they will not under any provocation aid or assist the Engineers to better their record of "forty beers."

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GOWNS

Gowns will return to their own in the University if the attitude adopted by the senior year may be accepted as an evidence of the other classes in general. At the organization meeting of the fourth year students, a safe four-fifths vote put that class on record as being in favor of wearing gowns during lectures. At an executive meeting of the same class, it was decided to ask the Senate to enforce the regulations regarding the wearing of gowns.

There is a resolution among the regulations of the University providing that all students of the third and fourth years shall be barred from lectures unless they wear gowns. This resolution has never been enforced, but the seniors apparently mean to make it apply at least to their own year. If for no other reason, gowns should be worn until this regulation is modified by the Senate.

But there are many other excellent results which would accompany the gown in the class-room and campus. The gown is symbolical with education. We have become accustomed to the association of the mortar-board and study. In older universities exclusive student dress has attained the dignity of a great custom. Now is the time in younger institutions to begin small formalities which will grow to great traditions. After all a university's prestige is made and upheld by the graduating classes. If these classes are not known and respected by their fellow students, there is no good reason why they will be held in high regard by outsiders.

Economically the gown would directly save the wearers no inconsiderable amount. There is little likelihood that any student should be asked as Mr. Keir Hardie was by a doorman at Westminster if he was working on the roof. "No, on the floor," was the reply. But even embarrassments of this nature would be removed by the adoption of gowns.

A distinctive dress should not tend to breed snobbery among upper classmen, as some are eager to suggest. Rather, it would foster the idea of the class, the similarity of all, and less the spirit of the individual, the eccentricities of one.

We wish someone would compose an index for a dictionary.

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THE CASSEROLE

Dear Casserols:

Say! do you know the difference between a Casserole and a Camisole? There's a hen in one and a chicken in the other.

"Jazz" Smith.

Ed. Note.—Some years ago Mr. Smith must have heard of the gentleman asking a clerk in the department store for a casserole. He has the "joke" slightly twisted, however. The young man in making his meaning clear, explained that the article which he wanted was for a chicken. The clerk merely asked, "young or old?"

* * * *

Did You Ever Notice—

That things slide over the rough spots when they're greased with fun.

* * * *

A loud laugh may speak the vacant mind—but you can't get indigestion on an empty stomach.

* * * *

Which reminds us that yesterday we saw somebody poke Tubby in the lunch room—a vital spot.

* * * *

Ever Happen Like This?

One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to get ready—and
Four to go! ! !

* * * *

"Ten more supers wanted for Aphrodite." Notice on Bulletin Bd.—Why not have Bill Bryan go? He'd be good for a dozen suppers.

* * * *

To tell Manitoba: "If you do it at home, do it here" was like inviting ourselves to a stick end lick of an all day sucker. They did it!

* * * *

Listening to Johnny Walker in the Med Column pulling that musty old "Arts for fun" stuff reminds one that—to be real mild—

The truth may come
The truth may go,
But the bunk goes on forever.

(A perfect illustration that the worst of quotations may be handed in a gentlemanly—or ladylike—manner.

* * * *

A Proverb Come to Life

"Careful where you throw that shot! ! !" bawled the Soph to the athletic Freshie.

"Sorry, mister, but this is the first time I . . ."

"What's your name?"

"L—L—Little."

"Huh! A little learning is a dangerous thing," grumbled the cultured Soph.

* * * *

That's Different

Psychology Prof.—Now, I want to give a stimulus to some member of the class. Are there any—

Med (eagerly)—Did he say stimulant?

* * * *

Current Topics

Our idea of being too familiar is introducing yourself to two sheets of currant bread at one pass.

* * * *

Some Things That Wont Get You Everywhere

Trying to phone Pembina after dinner.

Trying to phone Pembina,
Trying to use the students' phone in Athabasca to phone anywhere after dinner.

Swinging the lead to meet our nurse.
Rubbing it into a Prof.
Or rubbing it out of him.

A one-act play: "Cigarette Etiquette."

Kirk—Hey, Slim, got a pill?
Slim—Yes, thanks; have you?

* * *

A correspondent asks for Casserole's support in petitioning the faculty for a course in English 1001. Sorry, we can't do it. We have had a hard enough time making head or tail of English, without struggling with a course that makes no difference upside down or back-side foremost.

* * *

Our Latest Attempt at Free Verse

Oh to be a cucumber!

Purple;

As an Egyptian sunset

Or a rotten egg

Lying on the Plains of Abraham,
At 2:45;

p.m.

* * *

Some Things You Hear Every Day

"Th starting to work next week."

"Dam this racquet!"

"Say, Bill, could you lend me—?"

* * *

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT TO HERPICIDE

There may be those who do deride

The qualities of Herpicide;

Thye are the folk who never tried

The virtues of our Herpicide.

In all this earthly planet wide

No streptococci can abide

The strength of potent Herpicide.

The cootie who has long defied

The ravages of time and tide

To swift eternity will glide

When washed in deadly Herpicide.

And hair by wind and tempest tossed

Has given up the ghost and died,

Strewing the dresser far and wide,

Pining in vain for Herpicide.

But when relief has been applied

Unto the fast-appearing hide,

You then may point with proper pride

To the fair fruits of Herpicide.

So you who walk and you who ride

And you with common-sense allied,

Invest your cash in Herpicide;

For if you do at length decide

To live and die with Herpicide,

You'll join the happy host who cried
"All hail the power of Herpicide!"

* * *

Sonny Dier wishes to use our Colyums to enable him to step out. Sonny is the only one we would do this for and maybe we should not do it for Sonny, but, anyway, here goes.

The gent with the receding chin says "That Great society, the student body, has elected my old college chum, Jack Fife, to the Students' Council. The Chairman of the House Committee and his right hand husky Bill Baker are men I can rely on in case of a pinch—I mean in a pinch; now, if I could find out who was going to be Judge of the Students' Court, I think I could pry the lid off."

Can any of our clients furnish Mr. Dier with this information?

NOTICE

The Athletic Association wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those, both ladies and gentlemen, who contributed so willingly toward making the track meet and entertainments the success they were.

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in a smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer, "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."

—Kind Words.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

The Editor, The Gateway:

On behalf of the members of this year's Track Team, I wish to acknowledge our appreciation of the splendid work of those whose efforts are not generally recognized, but who worked faithfully and willingly to help make the Track Meet the success that it was and to make the Alberta boys as fit as possible for the events in which they had to compete.

To Keith Muir fell the bulk of the work of the visiting teams, and he spared nothing in his efforts to show the visitors how welcome they were while still keenly interested in the success of his home team.

Johnny Walker undoubtedly won many a point for Alberta without moving from the dressing-room by assisting in rubbing down the competitors before and after each event. He worked hard all day and was a real asset to the team.

Only those who have trained under Jack Buchanan can ever really understand just how great a trainer he is, and how hard he worked this year to bring the team up above the level of 1920. He has the respect and confidence of all those who had the pleasure of training under him and the admiration of all the visiting athletes through his fair method of starting the races. Jack showed them how to do it the only way—the proper way.

Thanking you for so much space.

Yours,

W. King.

NEWS ITEMS FROM OTHER UNIVERSITIES

Queens

In a game featured by open-field running, superb catching and good tackling, Queens' seniors defeated Toronto University with a score of 9—5, in the first game at the new George Richardson Memorial Stadium at Queens' University. A crowd of 3500 witnessed the game.

McGill

With a short and markedly simple ceremonial the Arts Memorial Tablet, erected to the memory of past students who were killed in the Great War, was unveiled by His Excellency, Lord Byng of Vimy. The gathering itself was not a large one, being composed for the most part of undergraduates and few of the relatives of the fallen men.

At the greatest convocation ever held at McGill, Sir Arthur Currie announced the appointment of Edward Wentworth Beatty, B.A., K.C., as new Chancellor of the University. Lord Byng was installed as Visitor.

University of Saskatchewan.

According to "The Sheaf," McGill University has also honored President Murray by conferring upon him the degree of LL.D., which he has already received from Queens and Alberta, in recognition of many years of service in the cause of higher education.

University of Manitoba.

Record progress is being made in the recruiting of the U. of M. contingent of the C.O.T.C. this year. The unit now stands at a strength of 350 with twenty or thirty recruits being added every day.

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MORAL EDUCATION LECTURER'S THEME

(Continued from Page 1)

truthfulness. Thirdly, a number of virtues arise from the relation of membership in a social group, bound together by common interests. These are fidelity, trustworthiness, devotion to common good, patriotism.

These are the irreducible types of moral relation among men, and any one of them may be prominent at certain times.

Instruction should begin when the child just shows unmistakable ethical judgment. The sense of injustice probably develops first. Situations should be treated as they arise, and the method should be conversational informal and interesting, absolutely without preaching. Admiration of a hero may be appealed to and the emotional and dramatic element should be prominent. Games offer opportunities of seeing that what is binding on the individual is also on the group. Their conception, extended from the school to the neighborhood, the city, and the nation, becomes the basis of citizenship.

Progress consists in gradually increasing the complexity of the situations presented for judgment, and the consequent development of insight. Material is found in everyday life, biography, folk-lore, and history. The lessons should be linked up, in the higher grades with Civics, and should form a vital part of the preparation for citizenship.

No plan can succeed which does not give a full recognition of the instincts. Those which are anti-social, or cruelty, revenge, jealousy, must be restrained, chiefly by environmental influences. The social instincts must be stimulated. These are sympathy, pity, constructiveness, and the like. But a third group, the neutral instincts, must not be ignored. Competition, rivalry, the hunting instinct, these may be enlisted on the side of either the social or anti-social tendencies. It is the business of the moral instructor to see that the former takes place. Reference was made to the work of the Boy Scouts in this connection.

The necessity of separating religious from moral instruction is evident. The latter only comes under the jurisdiction of the public school. But as a necessary part of the preparation for citizenship it cannot be ignored.

CORY—JOHNSON

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson, of Olds, was the scene of a charming wedding on October 19th, when their daughter Gladis Grace became the bride of Mr. Wilbur Albert Cory, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cory of Medicine Hat.

Both bride and groom are graduates of the University of Alberta and are well known to all the student body.

The groom was supported by Mr. Jack McAllister of Mundare. During the signing of the register, Miss Wilda Blow of Calgary, sang "All Mine Alone." Miss Lillian Husband of Edmonton, another graduate of the University, assisted in serving the ices.

Mr. and Mrs. Cory left immediately on a motor trip to the coast where they will visit Portland, Seattle and other cities. On their return they will reside in Medicine Hat.

The heartiest congratulations and best wishes are extended to the happy couple by all members of our student body.

2 Ferguson, Alta.; 3 Sweitzer, Man.; time 10 3-5 sec.

Pole vault: 1 Brock, Manitoba; 2 Bennett, Sask.; 3 Carr, Sask.; height 9 ft. 9 inches.

440 yard dash: 1 McGill, Manitoba; 2 Tait, Alta.; 3 Barker, Alta.; time 55 sec.

Javelin: 1 Neilson, Manitoba; 2 Knowles, Sask.; 3 Syoboda, Sask.; distance 142 ft. 2 in.

High jump: 1 Young, Alberta; 2 Neilson, Man.; 3 Van Vleit, Man.; height 5 ft. 4 in.

Three mile run: 1 McGill, Man.; 2 King, Alta.; 3 Strothers, Alta.; time 17:21 3-5 sec.

Relay race, half-mile: 1 Manitoba; 2 Alberta, 3 Saskatchewan; time 1:39 4-5 sec.

Following the events at the track the visiting teams, together with the Alberta team, were guests of the staff and men's house committee at a prairie chicken banquet which was unique and relished by all. This was followed by a few speeches, a vocal solo, and a duet very ably rendered by Mr. Croquet and Mr. Clark, accompanied by Mr. Chadsey.

The next item on the program was a dance in the gym, open to all students of the University. The local orchestra was in attendance and gave the latest in jazz to perfection. The Manitoba and Saskatchewan boys were keenly sought after by our fair neighbours from Pembina, and had their programs booked long before the music started.

As a fitting climax the visitors were then invited by the ladies' house committee to an at home in Pembina Hall where refreshments were served and tete-a-tetes were the order of the day.

UNIVERSITY SUNDAY SERVICE

Individuality of Grace

This question was ably expounded by Rev. H. H. Bingham of Calgary, in Convocation Hall last Sunday.

Taking the text, "The Lord is my shepherd. He will perfect that which reneweth me, for he loveth me and gave himself for me," the speaker pointed out the personal note contained in this passage.

This personal, individual element, the speaker went on to point out, is today, being forgotten and mankind is being thought of more en masse, the late war helping this tendency greatly.

But then, on the other hand, the speaker showed by numerous examples, that greater knowledge in any field enabled one to specialize and individualize, as it were, in that field and become familiar with each part of it. So in religion, God's great power and his great knowledge of mankind enabled Him to attend to our individual cares and wants, and to individualize in His great love for mankind.

In conclusion, the speaker expressed the hope that university students would note this personal element in religion, and in starting out in life devote their lives individually to God to be moulded as clay by the potter. Thus would individuality be redeemed and a sanctified sociality come into being.

"Is pants singular or plural?"
"If a man wears 'em its plural."
"Well, if he doesn't—"
"It's singular."

—Lampoon.

Man—Is New York the next stop?
Porter—Yas, Sah; brush you off, Sah?

Man—No, I'll get off myself.
—Banter.



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'TOBA VARSITY WINS TRACK MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

competition and a wonderful display of athletic prowess.

Two records were broken, namely the javelin throw, when Nielson, of Manitoba, made a perfect throw of 142 ft. 2 inches, while King of Alberta set a mark of 4:54 for the mile. The 1-2 mile relay race, won by Manitoba, was stepped to the tune of 1:39 4-15.

Neilson, of Manitoba, was the outstanding individual athlete, taking two firsts, a second and a third.

Great credit is due Bob Tait and Keith Muir for the successful way in which operations were carried out.

Jack Buchanan's untiring efforts saw their reward in Alberta's successes on the track, and Johnny Walker's medical training was exhibited by his efficient rubbing between events.

The following are the results in detail.

120 yard hurdles: 1 Van Vleit, Manitoba; 2, Neilson, Manitoba; 3 Young Alberta; time 18 1-5 sec.

Hammer throw: 1 McLean, Manitoba; 2 McLeod, Sask.; 3 Sharp, Sask.; Distance 100 ft. 6 in.

Mile run: 1 King, Alberta; 2 Tait, Alberta; 3 Long, Manitoba; time 4:54.

Broad Jump: 1 Van Vleit, Manitoba; Madill, Alberta; 3 Rosen, Manitoba; distance 19 ft. 7 3-14 in.

220 yards dash: 1 Rosen, Manitoba, 2 Walker, Sask.; 3 Schweitzer, Manitoba; time 25 3-5 sec.

Shot Put: 1 McLean, Manitoba; 2 Peterson, Alberta; 3 Neilson, Man.; distance 34 ft. 2 in.

Discuss: 1 Neilson, Manitoba; 2 McLean, Manitoba; 3 Knowles, Sask.; Distance 107 ft. 3 in.

Half mile run: 1 Tait, Alta.; Murray, Manitoba; 3 Barker, Alta.; time 2:09 2-5.

100 yard dash: 1 Walker, Sask.;

THE STRAND

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NIGHT WATCHES

1

The fire on the hearth had burned itself out, but Nancy Bryson still sat with her hands folded before her, gazing listlessly at the white ashes.

It was a dreary little room: for furniture it had three wicker chairs of the same pattern, a bed in one corner and a table with a red cloth on it; there were narrow windows and a fireplace. A picture of a horse with a girl holding a bunch of roses, which might have been a poster from a country fair, hung over the mantle-piece.

Outside in the twilight of a late November afternoon, a few venturesome snowflakes had drifted against the window pane, but melted by the contact with its warmer surface, now rolled down onto the sill like solitary tears.

An old woman, propped up with pillows, lay on the bed from which she could see the girl, whose back was turned to her. They had both been silent for a long time.

Now the old woman said: "Nance, you had better be getting supper. You've set still there long enough."

"Auntie," said the girl, turning round, but without getting up, "Auntie, I'm so tired tonight. They can get their own supper like the men at the logging camps do. I'll get yours and mine and bring them up here."

The whites of the old woman's squinting brown eyes were blood-shot, and now her lips twitched convulsively. "So you've been to the logging camps have you? Any decent girl would be ashamed to own to it, but I guess you don't care for that."

"Why, Auntie," said the girl, "I never was at one of those camps. What an awful thing to say."

"You just get your uncles' supper, it's seldom enough you do anything to help."

The girl got up and came over to the foot of the bed, where she stood a moment drawing the back of her hand across her eyes. "You're wrong to say such things. I've cooked three square meals for my uncles every day, and washed and scrubbed for them, with only a little help from Jane Frost, when she came over. And I've looked after you. To be sure the doctor took me out once, and he's asked me other times, only I didn't go. There!"

"If you want to kill me," said her Aunt, this time through blue lips, "you'll go on chattering. There is somebody out there, if it's the doctor you may be sure I'll let him know how you've been carrying on."

* * * * *

"Nancy," said Dr. Henry Strong, as that young person dropped a tearfully peeled potato into a pot, three-quarters full of cold water, "Nancy, you will cut your finger that way. Stop a minute or else hand that over."

Nancy shook her head, which loosened the curls, there were a great many of them, but as she still continued to peel the potato, the knife presently slipped and cut her finger.

"What did I tell you?" said the young man sententiously. "Well, fortunately a kitchen is rather like an operating room, at any rate this one is. I've been waiting," he continued rather sadly, as he bound up the cut, "I've been waiting for a long time now, hoping that you would take a sensible view of things."

"What things?" said Nancy.

He did not answer her question, instead he said: "I must be going now. If you would like to have Jane Frost spend the night with you, I

can bring her over myself later."

"No," said Nancy, "I'll be all right, I guess."

Strong looked at the drooping little figure and at the pale face with its great tired eyes, and patted her shoulder kindly. "I've let you overdo," he said, "we must have a nurse upstairs there. I'll see what I can do tomorrow."

Nancy watched him from the kitchen window as he drove away. For a long time after he was out of her sight, she stared down the village road; then her glance wandered to the bleak pasture behind the house, along the edge of the woods above them and came back to the road again. The snow was falling when she left her post by the window, and thinking that the menfolk would be in soon now, she hurried about their supper.

II.

Nancy, with her hair down her back and wrapped in a dark dressing gown, sat late that evening before the fire in old Peg Bryson's room. The girl was very pale and the firelight showed that she had been crying. From time to time she got up at the old woman's call, to give her Aunt some of the cough medicine, shake up her pillow, or put more wood upon the fire.

The wind howled mournfully about the lonely house, a pale bit of moonlight showed through a parting of the drawn curtains, and the shadows of the snowflakes outside danced across it, as motes of dust dance in the sunshine.

The hissing of the logs may have lulled the old woman to sleep, since she had not spoken for some time, when the girl arose and softly pulling a fender about the fire, picked up a candle to go upstairs. She had her hand on the latch; it rattled.

"Nancy."

"Yes, Aunt."

"Where are you going, child?"

"I thought you were asleep?" Her voice was hoarse and her breath came through dry lips. The girl put down her candle and came over to her.

"What is it, Aunt?"

The old creature glared up at her niece: "Sometimes I think you want to kill me."

"What do you want, Aunt, this?"

Nancy had poured a teaspoonful of brown liquid from a bottle and held it ready over the glass. Suddenly the label caught her eye, "Laudanum. Strong had given it to her to be used in case of a certain foreseen emergency. "If Mrs. Bryson has the same sort of an attack as she had two months ago, and you can't get me....." he said. It had remained long under lock and key. How had she come to put it on the table beside the other brown mixture? They looked just alike. How strange that they looked alike!

"Are you going to give me that?"

Nancy started: "Just a minute." How came it to be there? She couldn't remember.

"Are you going," said the old woman, leering up at her, "to give me what I asked for?"

Nancy slowly extended her arm, "This is the new cough medicine, Aunt," she said faintly, "I think it will make you quite comfortable."

The girl threw open the curtains and let all the moonlight into the room. What a heartless light it was! How strange that the liquids looked alike, she could go back to the table.....but no, her Aunt might wake and ask her.....her Aunt might want for something.....What a beautiful night, there was no wind now and she could see the stars. She heard a step in the hallway; "Nance," a voice said at the door; she opened it without fear of disturbing the old woman. A tall fair man stood in

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the hallway, it was her Uncle Isaiah.

"Nance, you must be awful tired," he said awkwardly, "go up to bed and I'll sit with Peggy a time. Pretty bad ain't she?"

"No," said Nancy, mechanically, "but you had better call me in a little while." She did not want to go and stayed to draw the curtains again, and place a chair for him by the fire.

"Keep the fire up warm," she said, "she likes the sight of the flames."

Nancy had her hand on the latch of her own door when she heard her Uncle's voice, "Nancy, she's awful queer; come down will you? Perhaps you had better tell the others."

The girl stole softly down, after knocking at her Uncles' door. She wondered dumbly what she would see and whether she would betray herself.

She crept in softly. Isaiah had opened the windows and the still cold air struck against her. The white moonlight lay over everything: over the tired old face upon the pillow, now freed from its ungentleness, and the work-hardened hands in their strange quietude, over the table where the bottles stood, and all the common objects of the room.

But someone said, "Look out for Nance," she's going to faint."

III.

"Nance, I have been terribly at fault." Henry Strong slowed up his car. The snow had ceased to fall and a noon sun was fast turning the road into a mire. "I have been terribly at fault, because I put so much upon you, so much more than I could have asked of one of my nurses. I see that now." He turned his handsome face to hers and both had lines of pain in them.

"You must never speak of this, Nancy, to any living man. I alone know—and she would have died before the spring."

He brought the car to a stop, and jumping out offered her his hand; but almost had to carry her to the stone wall at the side of the road. He wanted to be where he could move with freedom.

"Then we will be married, Nancy, after a little time. I do not say now, because as you have told me you could not care—but people change. You have made one great mistake, and we....." he paused and looked at her, so far away her expression showed her to be; she was deathly pale, "Nancy, Nancy, what are you going to do?" he cried out in agony. "Nancy, do you hear what I am saying to you?"

The girl roused herself, "Yes, I hear, but they will send me somewhere else. You can't go where I go—to prison, or—"

"Nan; you do not understand."

"O yes I do, you alone know, you will keep silent, but I will tell them. I will give myself up; perhaps then it will be different with me."

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"You don't know what you are saying. Your Aunt would have died within a few weeks. O, why didn't I tell you. Don't you believe I know, Nancy? Don't you trust me?"

"Yes, but I know I killed her."

Strong waited for her to go on; then he said bitterly: "Well, you shall have your own way. We can go back now if you like."

IV.

Newel Frost, the father of Jane Frost, was the sheriff for Carroll County. That afternoon about four o'clock he brought Jane over; Nancy had expected this visit and dragged herself to the gate when they came.

"Mr. Frost," she said, "You've been awful kind to bring Jane to me, but I guess she can't stay. You see, well you see, they don't know in the house there yet, but I murdered her. I gave her laudanum from a bottle and I pretended it was cough mixture; she thought so."

Frost clambered down from the buggy and put his hand firmly on Nancy's shoulder. "You just get in there," he said, pointing to the buggy; then he lowered his voice. "Janey, you pack up her things. He said to humour her a little. So I guess we'll make believe she is under arrest for a time."

For several days Nancy stayed at the house of her friend, without suspecting the trick that had been played upon her. Indeed she was so dazed at the time that she could hardly have said rightly where she was; only the general watchfulness of those about her quieted her.

But one night Jane, as she went up to bed with her, exclaimed, "Nan, what a little fool you are." Nancy looked up questioningly.

"Yes, to imagine you killed your Aunt; why, you no more could have done such a thing; and then to think that you are in prison here. Do you think my father would have you? What is the jail for? And how did you ever get such an idea into your head?"

Nancy kissed her friend goodnight without saying anything. The next day, to Jane's delight, she asked if she might be the one to get the mail, and after dinner, set off by herself on the road to the village. The cold wind whipped the colour into her cheeks as she walked, and her eyes which were naturally large and dark, were bright with fever. When she entered the village store, she went straight to George Tweksbury, its owner, and then and there told him, very simply, her story.

The man looked at her—"Well, Nance, I'll tell them, but I guess the

(Continued on next page)

NIGHT WATCHES

judge ought to let you off easy," he said.

The man must believe her.

Sure, he believed her, but perhaps she would like to tell someone else. There was a newspaper man up from Boston, he was on one of the big dailies and would publish her story, no doubt.

She told it again to the reporter who appeared interested. Had thought of going into medicine once, he told the clerk; was glad he hadn't. Sad case this; did they think she would come round in time?

The following day Nancy met Henry Strong. "Nancy," he said, "surely you must come to your senses soon!"

The girl looked at him and noticed the marks of suffering in his face; were both suffering for her mistake? "Poor fellow," she said, softly.

"No one will believe your story," he said, when they parted.

Nancy found that out in time.

She was free to live at her Uncles' or with her friends. Nothing was demanded of her and she roamed the countryside at will. When she could go on snowshoes, she often went deep into the woods. Once she even came to a logging camp; the men there had heard of her, and one of them offered to see her safe home. They cooked a meal for her and listened to her story. But gradually she took to longer and wider rambles, avoiding everyone; and yet at times she had the feeling that Strong was following her.

One day when she had been tramping for hours in the winter twilight of the woods, she barely gained the road before she dropped exhausted into the white lap of the drifts, which rolled away on every side.

She lay there and counted the star-shaped snowflakes as they came slowly down. How lovely they were! She felt wonderfully light and happy. She wondered how she came to be where she was. After a time she began to be afraid; was it the vast loneliness or was she beginning to remember?

Henry, Henry, come to me."

Then she felt his strong arms about her and his lips against her own. "Forgive me, Nancy, only say that you forgive me."

"I forgive you as I know that I am forgiven."

"I have been utterly selfish; is it too late now? God, to see you like this!"

"We have had to suffer through each other, but that is all past. It can't ever be too late to begin being happy, I think."

Strong carried Nancy in his arms to the nearest farm house—she was so light a burden. Then he watched by her side until she died, two hours later.

"Pneumonia," he told them.

* * * * *

Yes, they were engaged to be married.

Was she only eighteen?

But how beautiful she looked, and she must have been happy.

C. O. T. C. IS AWAY TO GOOD START

(Continued from Page 1)

of Canada should have some knowledge of military law and discipline, elementary military formations and field tactics. Some men have the idea that being specially trained would ensure their being called up first in cases of necessity, but the militia law of Canada provides that for defence purposes every male citizen of age may be called upon to serve his country in which case, previous military training would be a decided advantage to the individual. Apart

from this, the C.O.T.C. has many immediate advantages in the University. It provides a great change from the ordinary routine and is in itself a benefit from the physical training standpoint. For this reason it is accepted as a substitute for the regular course in physical education of the first and second years. Those taking the training are also remunerated at the regular rate of pay for parade, according to their rank.

At the University of Alberta, the C.O.T.C. consists of three companies, officered by men with experience overseas, or by newly appointed members of last year's organization who were successful in passing the officers' examination in the spring. A few vacancies had to be filled this year, but not enough to provide places for all those who qualified. The N.C.O.'s and men who now hold Lieutenant's qualifications and have not been assigned a platoon are acting as senior N.C.O.'s until further vacancies occur.

Members may join the signalling, musketry or machine-gun section and receive special training in that branch of the service. Those wishing to qualify as officers should enrol for the regular officers' classes where lectures on military organization and discipline and on field service regulations are given throughout the year. Practical training in ceremonial, platoon and company drill is also offered and the final examination will consist of written papers based on the lectures and a practical examination to test the candidates ability to manoeuvre a body of men properly. This course does not necessitate the steady application to a great number of military texts as seems to be the general impression, but regular attendance at parades will suffice to give anyone who is eager to learn practically all that is required to pass. Those who do not wish to join the special classes may take ordinary infantry training, but it is hoped that each member will avail himself of this opportunity to qualify as an officer in the militia.


While a certain amount of drill must be accomplished in order to make the corps efficient for purposes of inspection and reviews, it is not intended that the training should be confined to barrack square drill, for it is the intention of those in command to make the C.O.T.C. work as interesting as possible.

At the first general parade of the year, Major S. D. Killam, who so successfully steered the C.O.T.C. through the period of reorganization last year, availed himself of the opportunity of thanking the officers who through their splendid co-operation helped to make the corps the success that it was. In handing over command to Lt. Col. McLeod who had charge of this work before proceeding overseas, Major Killam explained that as second in command he would take as keen an interest in the C.O.T.C. as ever. Those who were with him last year and who had the pleasure of serving under him know that he announced his interest for the coming year with all sincerity.

Lieut.-Col. McLeod then expressed his satisfaction at seeing so many returned men on parade again and explained in a general way the procedure for falling in on parade.

That enthusiasm for this work has reached its height this year is shown by the fact that no regular physical training class is necessary. This enthusiasm in the ranks, coupled with so efficient a staff of officers and N.C.O.'s has ensured a most successful year.

"There's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the farm-yard. —Purple and White.



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ALBERTA COLLEGE NEWS

Among the recent arrivals are the following, Sid and Mrs. Bainbridge, Joe Kirk, David Penman, Sidney Harburn, Bert McNeil, Charles Johnston.

Dr. Tuttle is expected back from England towards the end of this week.

To those who are interested in dramatic activities it should be recorded that Miss Elderkin is arranging a series of plays to take place in the near future.

A real live orchestra of eight members is under the guidance of Miss Johnson and should be heard from soon.

The first series of the tennis tournament is played off and the second is under way. Conquest's and Rush's and Joe Bainbridge's respective teams have been eliminated from the handball series; Hart and Swift's teams have yet to play their preliminary game. Upton's team has reached the semi-finals. An interesting game was played between the graduates of Victoria College and Alberta College, and the latter won three straight games. Who said we can't play handball.

under the direction of the Athletic Association, and is to be held on the University Grounds in the near future. The events are as follows: 100 yards dash, 440 yards dash, half-mile relay, running high and running broad jumps, pole vault, hurdle race, and also hop-step-and-jump. There are a series of girls' races as follows: 50 yards dash, potato race, thread-and-needle contest. The date will be announced later. Leonard Wrinch was elected as the new secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Association.

We are glad to note that Bowes and Selnes have survived Saturday's game with the Eskimos; it is whispered that the game was no picnic but reminded one of the "Days of Real Sport." There were no deaths to record. It was a famous victory. Cheer up, we're not dead yet.

A pleasant evening was spent at the "Lit" on Friday last. The McDougall Methodist Church choir entertained the students. A real old-fashioned social was greatly enjoyed and one army wag was heard to remark "He had never handled so many "arms" since he had left the

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"service" — he had been playing musical arms.

On Sunday morning last, Mr. D. E. Cameron, M.A., Librarian of the University of Alberta, gave a very instructive address to the students who assembled to hear him. The fact that there were always two sides to a story was aptly illustrated by an account of an interview between a young man (a would-be priest) and a priest who had served in the temple all his life. Each individual was somewhat envious of the other, but after talking it over each decided that there was no cause for envy but a larger appreciation of the other fellow's position in life and a general thankfulness for the daily privileges of life.

WAUNEITA RECEPTION TO THE MEN

Challenging the records of previous years, the Wauneitas once more have accomplished their annual task of "breaking the ice," and ushering in our social functions of the year by tendering a hearty reception to their colleagues of the sterner sex.

The great event took place on the evening of October 26th, when the Wauneita braves summoned their proverbial enemy tribe to participate with them in their big pow wow in Convocation Hall. The late scene of most solemn ceremonials assumed overnight a new aspect of revelry; and big chiefs and tenderfoot braves, alike in the guise of vivacious young maidens, cavorted with their guests to the tune of the Varsity tom-toms.

Before the eyes of the revellers were the manifest signs of an Indian habitation, including a huge kettle suspended over a fire, which might have contained anything from boiled venison to some magic concoction of the medicine men. On other sides the walls were adorned with queer hallowe'enish figures which were enough to strike terror to the heart of the most indomitable sophomore, had not the lights cast upon them their reassuring beams.

Quite early in the evening the floor became unduly crowded for dancing. But the good-will with which all concerned bore the trampling of many feet testified to the unqualified success of the undertaking, and the evident enjoyment written upon every face augurs well for many good times to come.

Visitor—Well, I must be off.
Jones—So I have noticed for a long time. —Purple and White.

It is to be hoped that greater use will be made of the Varsity field in the future. It is in better condition than Diamond Park, is well situated and faces north and south.

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